A Child's Visit to the Zoo

THE
CHRISTMAS
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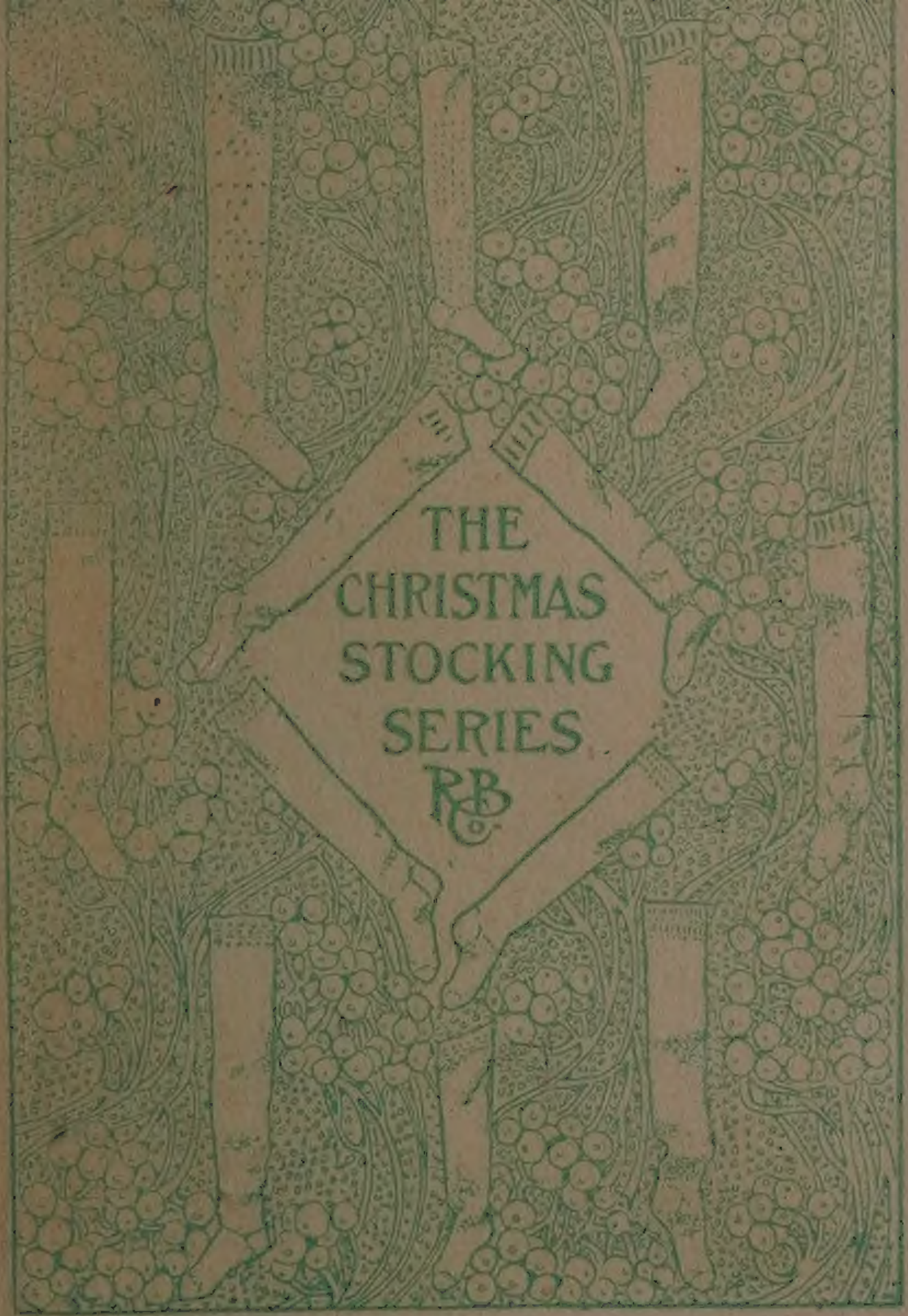
SERIES
RB


THE
CHRISTMAS
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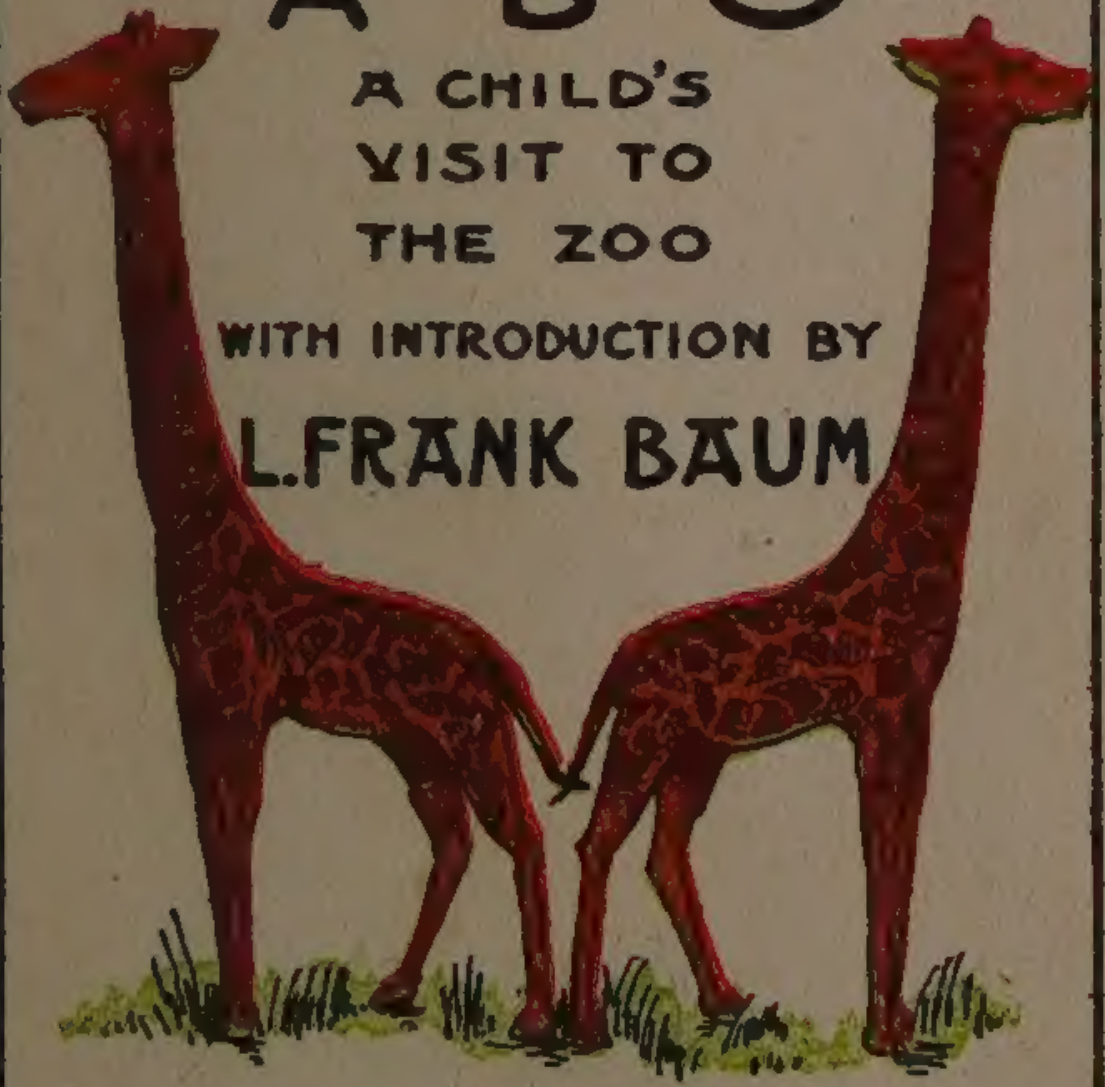
CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES

ANIMAL A·B·C·

A CHILD'S VISIT TO THE ZOO

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

L. FRANK BAUM



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1905

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THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

An ancient Italian legend tells how Good St. Nicholas of Padua first gave presents on Christmas Eve by throwing purses in at the open windows of needy people. Purses in those days were knitted of yarn and tied with strings at the open ends. They were not unlike stockings, except that they had no feet. People began to hang these long, empty purses of yarn on their window-sills on Christmas Eve, so that St. Nicholas, as he passed by, could put money into them. When money became scarce the long purses were filled with presents,

instead—useful things for the big people, and books and toys for the children.

In cold countries, where windows could not be left open, folks hung their purses near the fireplace, believing that St. Nicholas would come down the chimney and leave his presents for them. And after the knitted purses went out of fashion they hung up their stockings, which closely resembled the old-time purses, so that there would be plenty of room for the Christmas presents, and old St. Nicholas or (Santa Claus), who lived on through all the ages, would know he had been expected.

That is how the Christmas Stocking came to be used, and why it will be used for many generations to come in thousands

of homes on each succeeding Christmas Eve.

It is a pretty custom, expressing the confidence and trust we feel in that sweet charity which bestows loving remembrances upon the rich and poor, the mighty and the lowly, on each succeeding birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ. For it is most fitting that He, who taught the world Charity, should be honored upon His birthnight by an humble imitation of the kindly and generous creed He gave us. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to All," leads us to recognize the truth of the noble text, "It is better to give than to receive." And so, as it teaches us kindliness, goodwill, and charity, may the Christmas Stocking endure forever!

L. FRANK BAUM.

ANIMAL A B C

A stands for
Apes, on the
branch of a tree

A

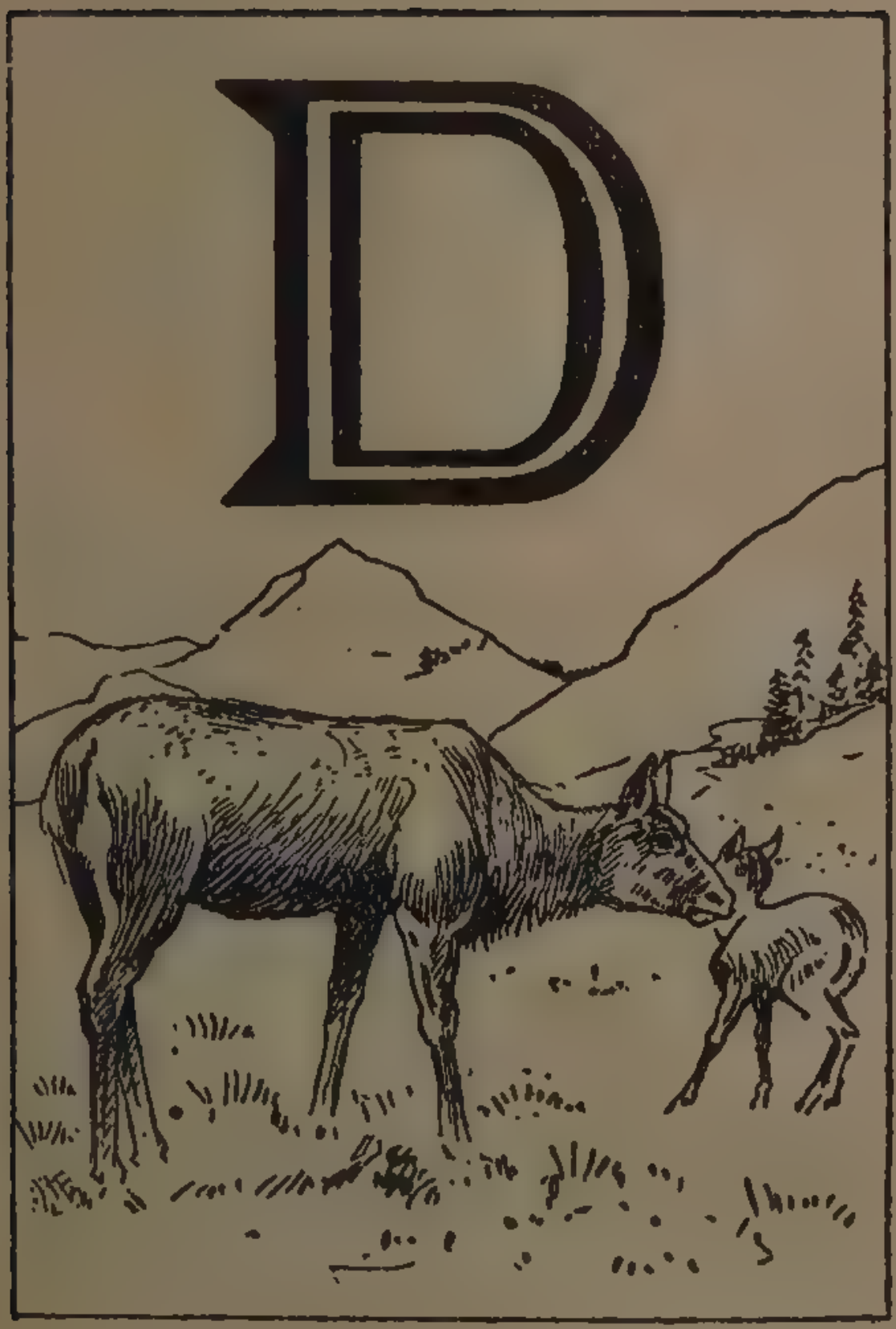
B is for Bear,
catching fish,
as you see

B

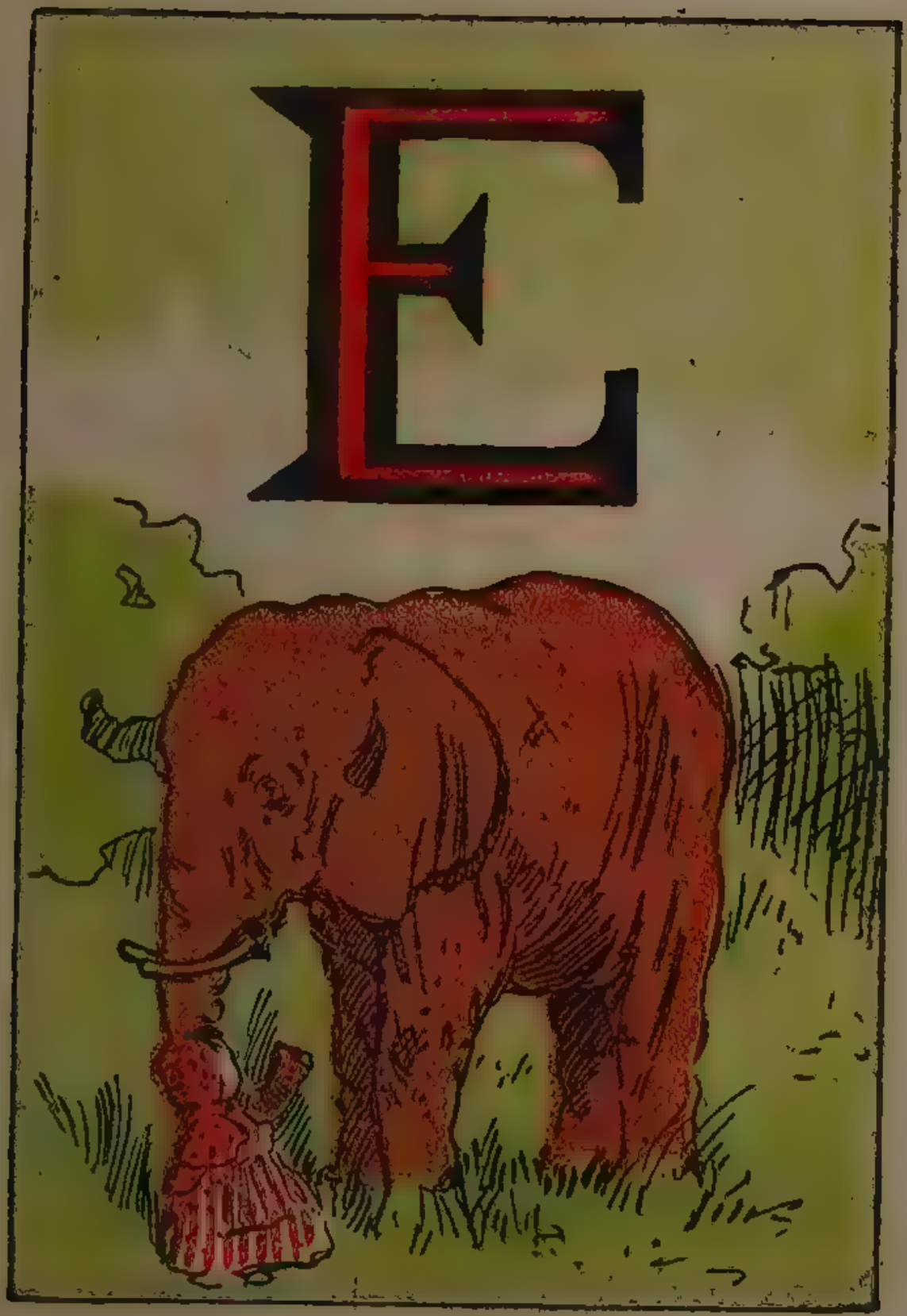
C stands for
Camel, the
Arab's best friend

C

D is for Deer,
who their
little fawn tend


D

E stands for
Elephant,
largest land beast


E

F is for Fox,
bringing cubs
a fine feast

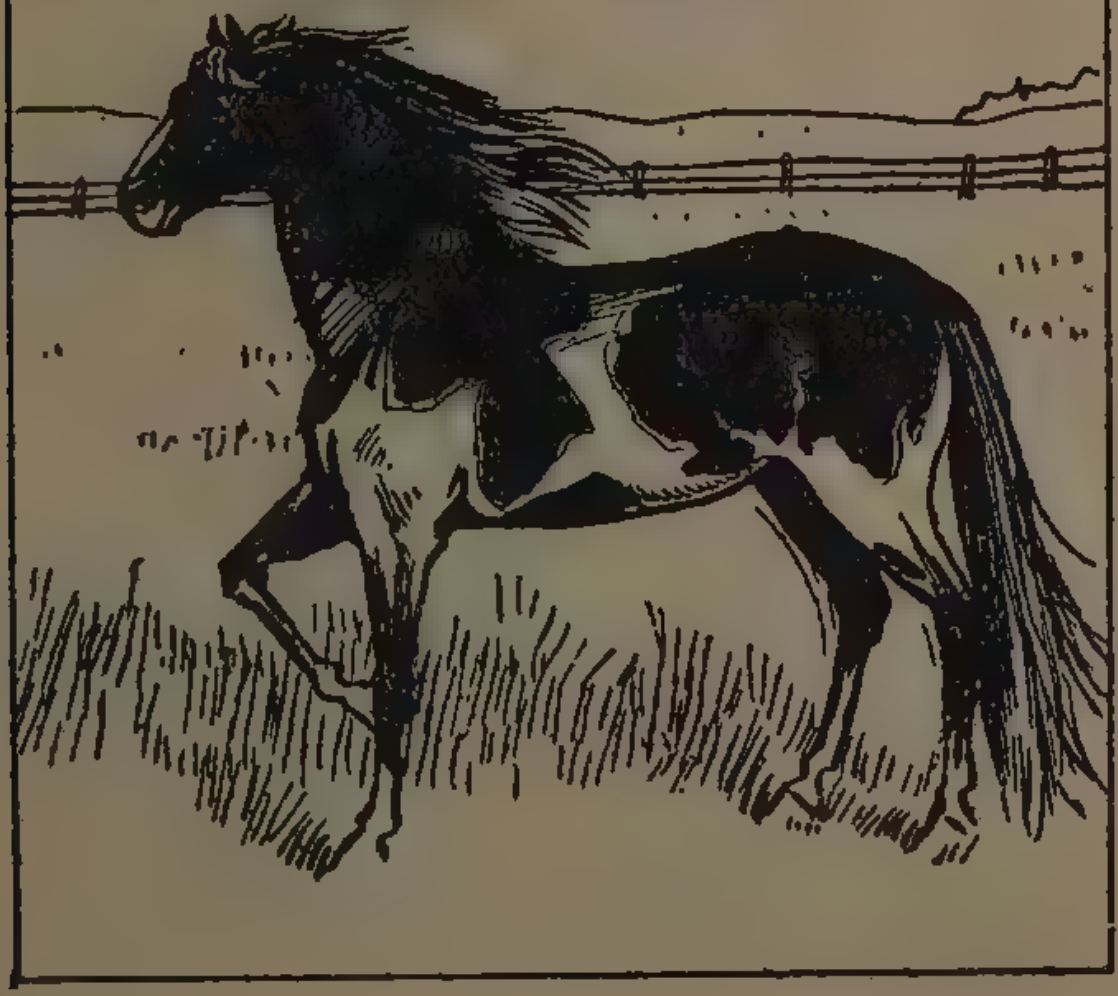
F

G is Giraffe,
with the
longest of necks

G

H is for Horse,
whose great
speed the rein
checks

H



I stands for
Ibex, a large
kind of goat

J is Jerboa,
with sand-
colored coat

J

K is for
Kangaroos,
resting by day

K

L is for Lion,
now close on
his prey

L

M stands for Mice, that dart swiftly away

M

N is an
antelope
called the Nilgai

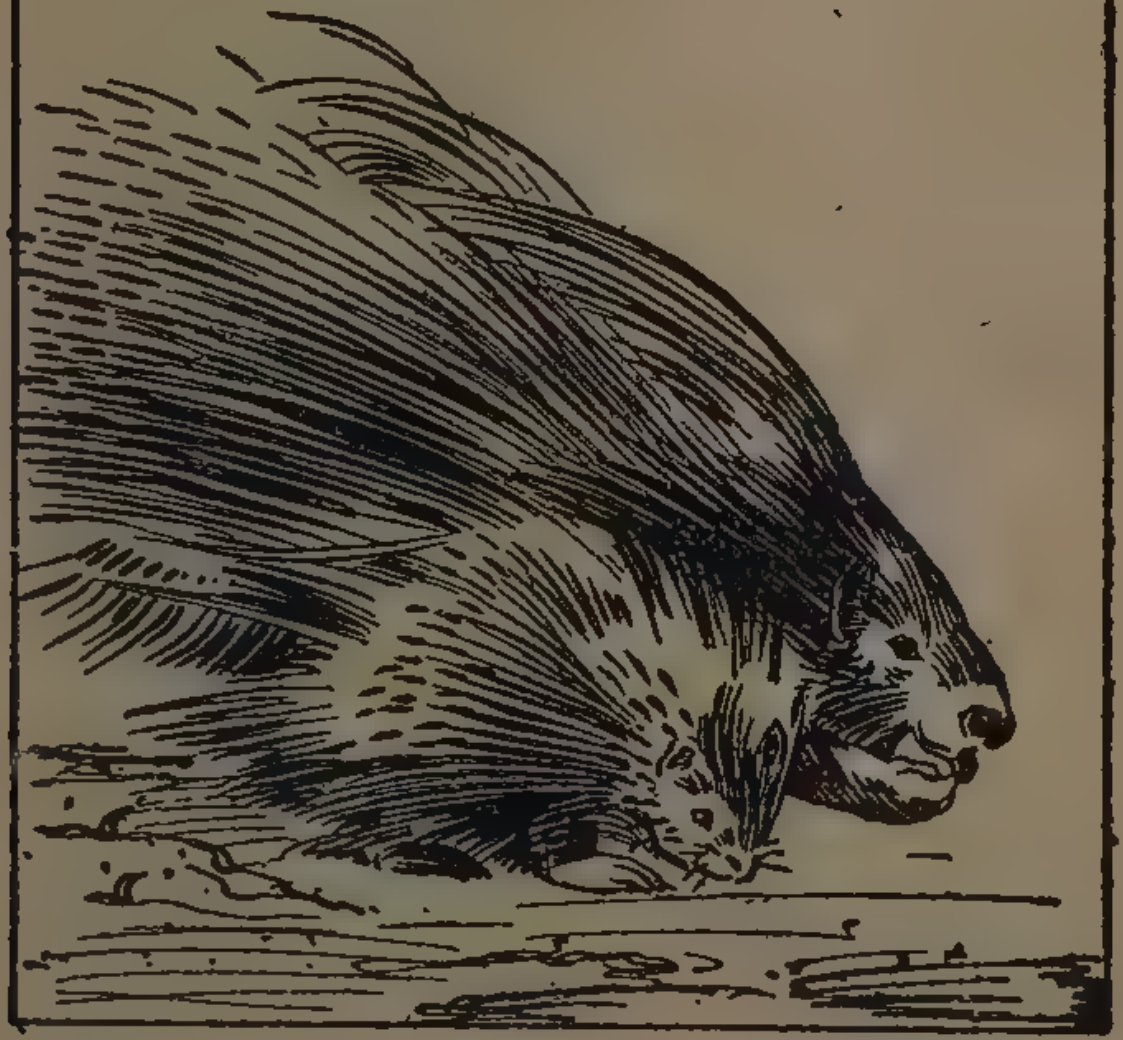
N

O stands for
Ounce found
on India's hills

O

P is for
Porcupine
famed for its
quills

P

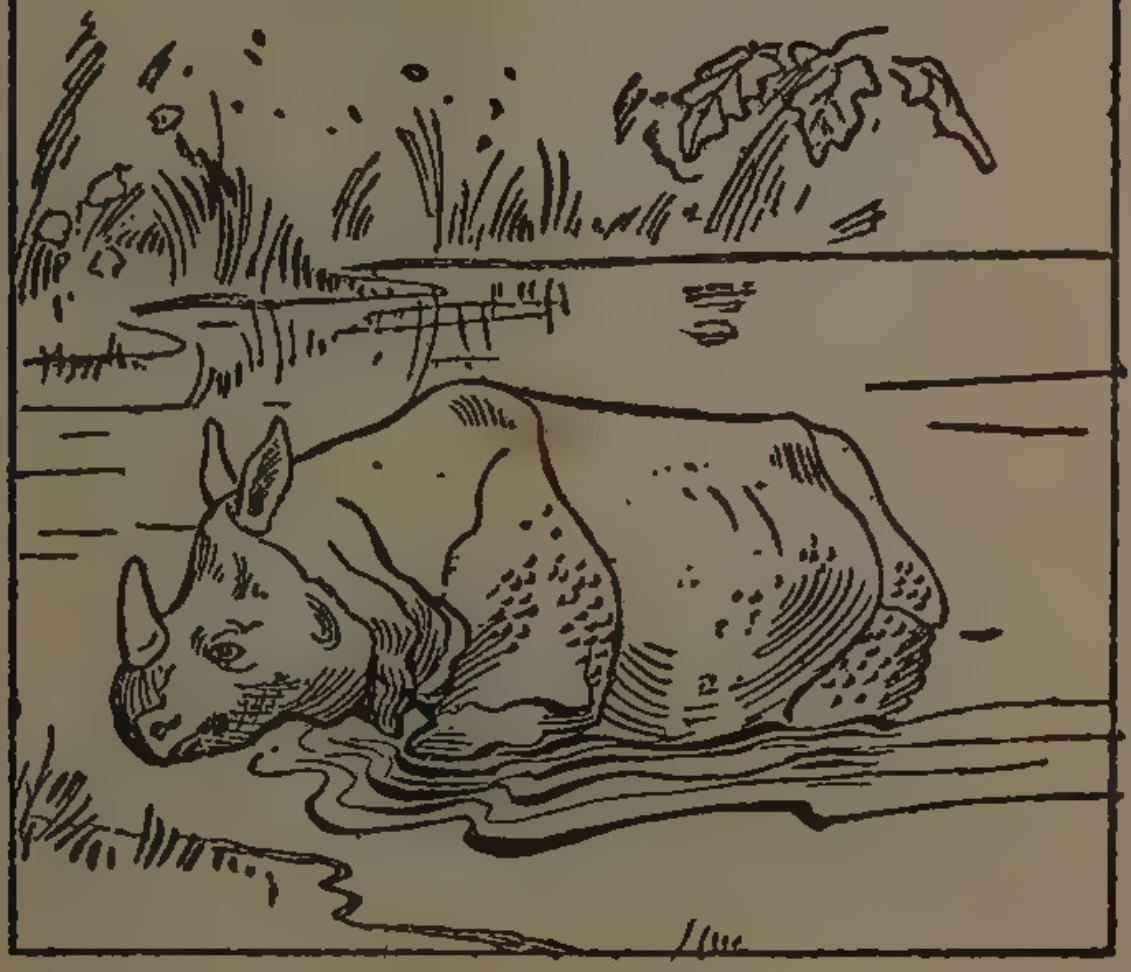


Q stands for Quagga, a zebra-like ass

Q

R for Rhinoceros, that feeds upon grass

R



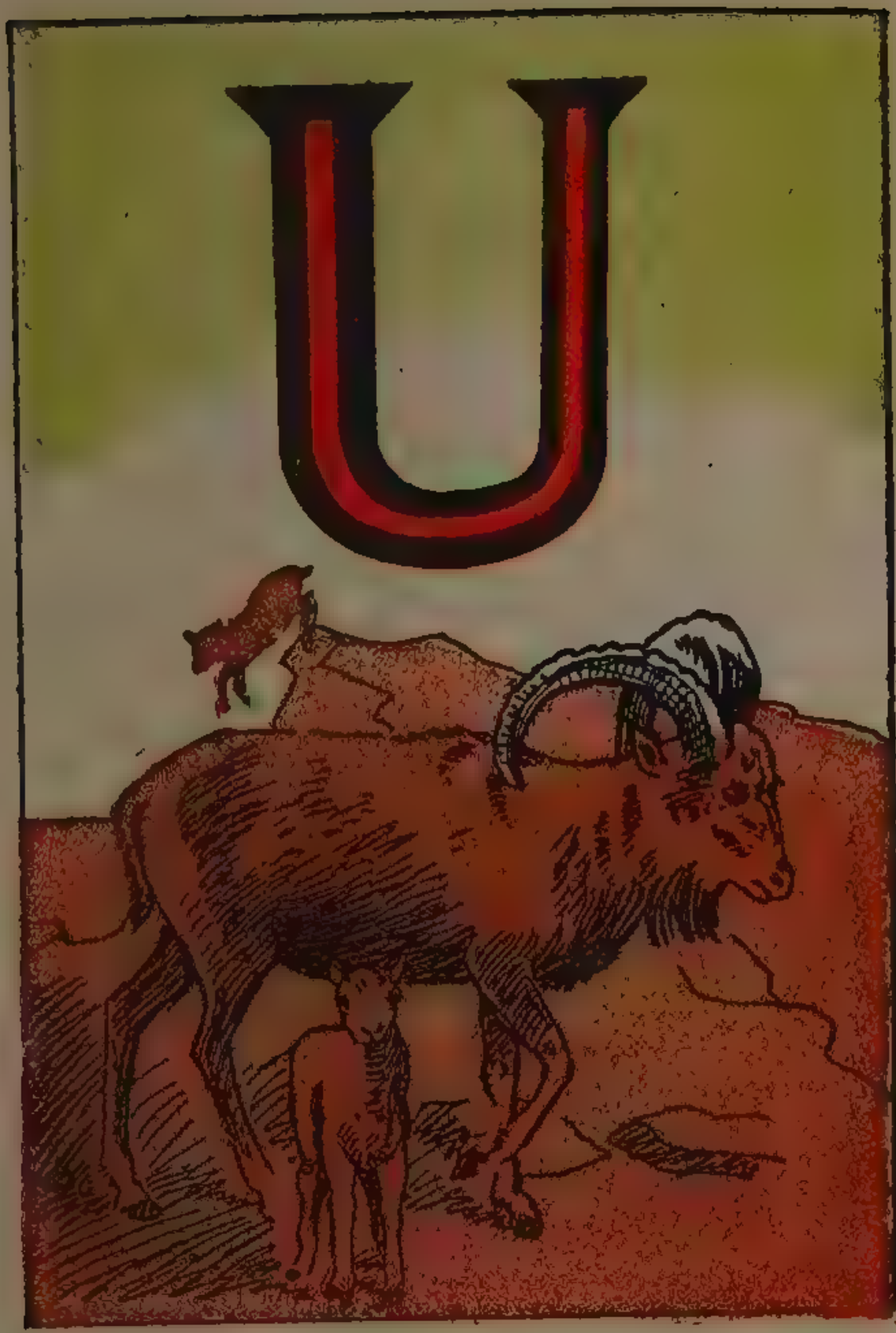
S is the Seal
that performs
at the Zoo

S

T is the Tiger
just killing
a deer

T

U stands for Urial, rarely seen here


U

V stands for
Vole, on the
bank of a pond

V

W for
Weasel, of
rats very fond

W

X is an Ox,
that all
children know.

X

Y stands for
Yak, wild ox
of Tibet

Y

Z is for Zebra,
the end of
our Alphabet

Z

A CHILD'S VISIT TO THE ZOO

Dear boys and girls who
love the Zoo,
We dedicate this book
to you.
So little girls and little
boys,
Now leave your books
and your toys,
And for a nice walk come
with me
Some very wondrous
things to see,
Where, in this place that's
called the Zoo.

All birds and beasts are
kept on view,
All reptiles and all insects
too.
Now little children all
must know,
When walking in the Zoo
they go,
That they must never try
to joke
By taking up a stick to
poke
At bird or beast; so, chil-
dren, please,

When here you come to
take your ease,
Never attempt the things
to tease.
And when we're in the
Gardens, oh,
Which way is it you'd
like to go?
To where the Hawks and
Eagles stand
In cages ranged on either
hand?
Or to the Lions straight
away?

Or where the Monkeys
climb and play?
Or where the Bears eat
buns all day?
How grand it is! How
high we are!
We quite look down
upon Mamma,
While as for Baby Bun-
ting small,
We scarcely can see her
at all.
Now when we've had our
ride we'll run

And buy the El-e-phant
a bun,
And then set off for fur-
ther fun.
Now let us to the Lions
go;
We like to hear them
roar, you know;
They're over in that house
of red,
And if we're quick we'll
see them fed,
And hear them cry with
roars and groans,

In hungry, angry, Lion tones,
For keeper with his meat and bones.
The Lion has a tawny coat,
And shaggy mane round head and throat,
With on his tail a tuft of hair
(On Tiger's tail no tuft is there).
The Lion many people know

As King of Brutes, and he
looks so
When standing with his
eyes aglow.
The Tiger he is richer
far:
His coat is marked with
stripe and bar,
Where all adown his
sides and back
Are lines of orange-red
and black.
He comes from Indian
jungles, too,

And like a cat of gor-
geous hue
Now paces here within
our view.
The Leopard, Jaguar,
Ocelot,
Have each a coat with
blotch or spot,
While Panther (or the
Puma) plain
Is like a Lion with no
mane.
All these great Cats are
beasts of prey,

Who prowl and pounce
by night or day
On weaker beasts that
near them stray.
Now from the Lions let
us turn,
And of some other beasts
go learn.
Here near the Lion
house in sheds
We catch a glimpse of
horned heads:
See here's the long-
haired Burma Yak,

The Buffalo with horns
of black,
The Hindu Cow with
hump on back.
Now for the place of
Wolf and Bear
(I mean their cages, not
their lair).
Here, close to where the
Camels stand,
Is Mister Bear so white
and grand;
He comes from Polar
lands, you know,

Where all is frost and
ice and snow,
And where the great big
icebergs grow.
He likes to catch and eat
a Seal,
Or else of fish to make a
meal,
But now he has to have
the things
That for his meals the
keeper brings.
He does not like the
summer here,

He finds it far too hot,
I fear,
And wishes winter were
more near.
Now for the buns, and
biscuits too,
Or any nuts you have
with you,
For here's a Bear on his
hind legs,
Who sits up like a dog
and begs;
See, how he opens wide
his jaw,

And when the nut falls
on the floor,
Rolls after it, then asks
for more.
Now, having thrown in
buns and cake,
And other things for
Bruin's sake,
And also had a look
down where
Paces the big white
Polar Bear,
Along the terrace back
we'll go

And down the steps we
came up, so,
And then along the other
row.
Here Wolves and Dogs
of every kind,
Jackals and Foxes we
will find,
Hyenas and the strange
Dingo,
All cousins of the Dog,
we know,
They are not very pleased,
I fear,

At being always caged up here,
And restless thus they all appear.
The Camels with the fleshy lumps
Upon their backs, which we call humps,
With their long necks and sleepy eyes,
May cause, perhaps, some small surprise
To those who have not seen before

This strange un-gain-ly
vis-it-or
Who comes to us from
Asian shore.
Ungainly though they
look, they are
In desert lands more
useful far
Than any other animal—
"Ships of the Desert"
some men call
This long-enduring quad-
ru-ped

With shaggy neck and
waggling head,
Who lives where other
beasts fall dead.
How glad the Babes are
when we get
To a great house in which
are set
The biggest beasts the
world doth know.
The El-e-phant, so great
and slow,
Is here with ivory tusk
so white,

And great long trunk.
He is a sight
Which timid folk might well affright.
But here we need not feel alarm:
The El-e-phant will do no harm,
But only stretch his long trunk out—
That very funny kind of snout—
That with it he may nimbly take

What we have brought
here for his sake—
A bun, a biscuit, or a
cake.
Another thick-skinned
brute see near—
The Hip-po-pot-a-mus is
here.
He often weighs more
than three tons,
Yet on the river's bottom
runs,
Eating the plants and
grasses coarse.

A beast he is of mighty force,
This ugly, bulky River-Horse.
How clumsy and how very queer
He looks when we are standing near,
With such a big square ugly head,
And monstrous mouth, a thing of dread:
Though only green stuff he does eat.

We none of us would
like to meet
Him walking towards us
down the street.
From these great heavy
creatures we
Will turn, some different
beasts to see.
The long-necked, slim
Giraffe
Is quite enough to make
us laugh,
He comes with such
surprise to us

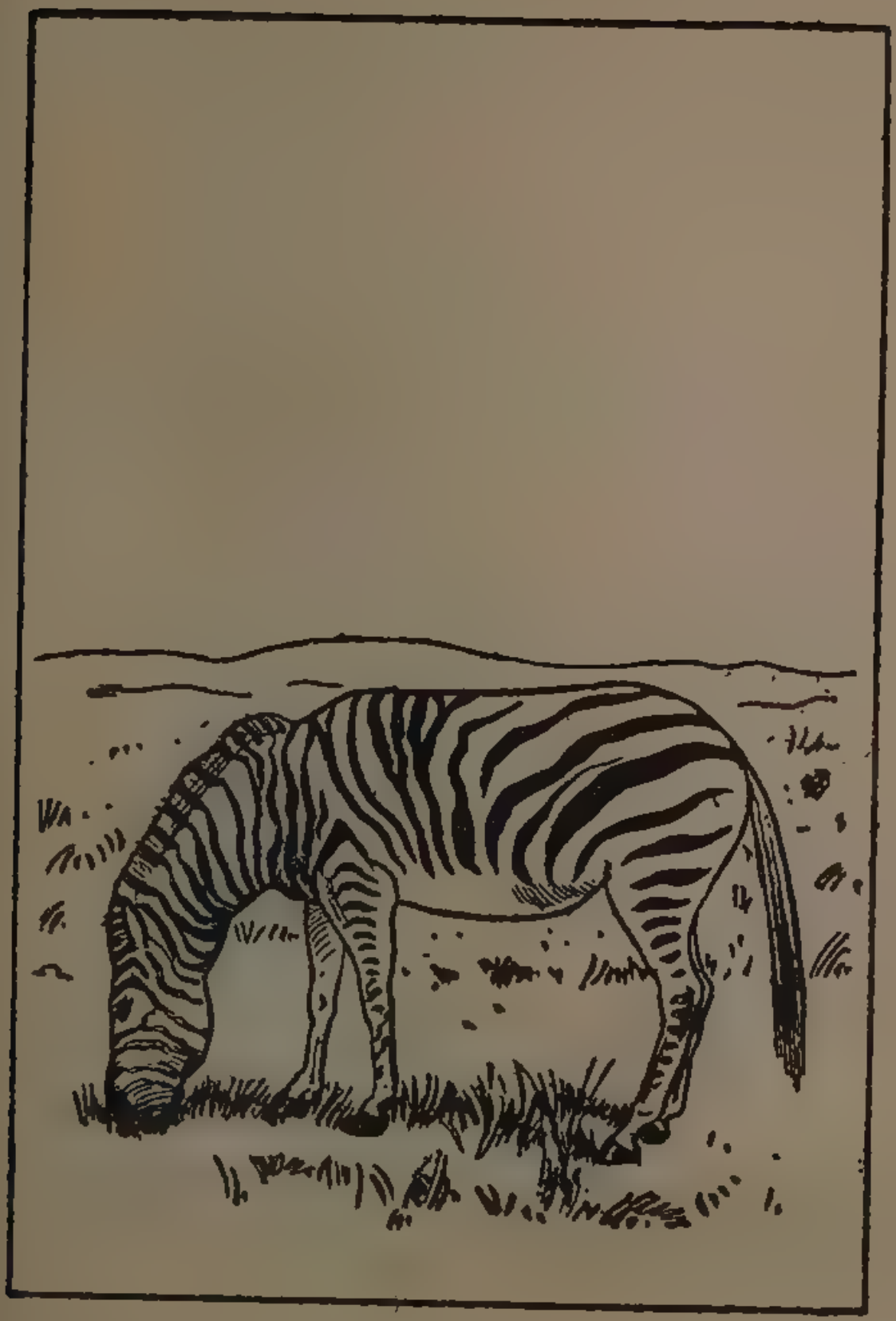
After the Hip-po-pot-
a-mus—
That monster most rid-
ic-u-lous.
The Giraffe stands high
as a tree.
But looks as gentle as
may be,
With small head and
large mild eyes,
That gaze about in some
surprise
In finding such a nar-
row home

For one who widely
used to roam
In countries far beyond
the foam.
Now let us pay a visit
to
The curious jumping
Kangaroo,
Who with his great hind
legs can go
As quickly as a horse,
you know;
Their front legs are quite
small and short.

From far Australia they
are brought,
Where hunting them is
quite a sport.
On Mistress K. is a
quaint pouch
In which her Kangaroo
babes crouch,
Where she can keep
them safe and
warm
While running quickly
from all harm.
It is a pretty sight to see

The Kangaroo babes,
one, two, three,
As peeping out their
heads they be.
Now come along and
see just here
The pretty creatures
known as Deer;
The Reindeer, Elk, and
Wapiti,
And many more will
meet our eye.
Some have great antlers
stretching wide,

With branches out on
either side,
Fine noble beasts in all
their pride.
Here is a cousin of the
Horse
(And of the Donkey, too,
of course),
The very strangely
striped Ze-bra,
Whose coat is marked
by many a bar
Of alternated black and
white



Over his head and body
quite;
He is indeed a curious
sight.
Strange is the big brown
Beaver's way
(He can't always be seen
by day),
For in the water when
he could
He built himself a dam
of wood,
And in his lodge he stays
till night;

The logs that lie about
in sight
Will show you how his
teeth can bite.
The curious bristly Por-
cu-pines
Upon their backs have
many spines,
Or quills—you've often
had them when
You've bought a holder
for your pen.
And here are many Ro-
dents more—

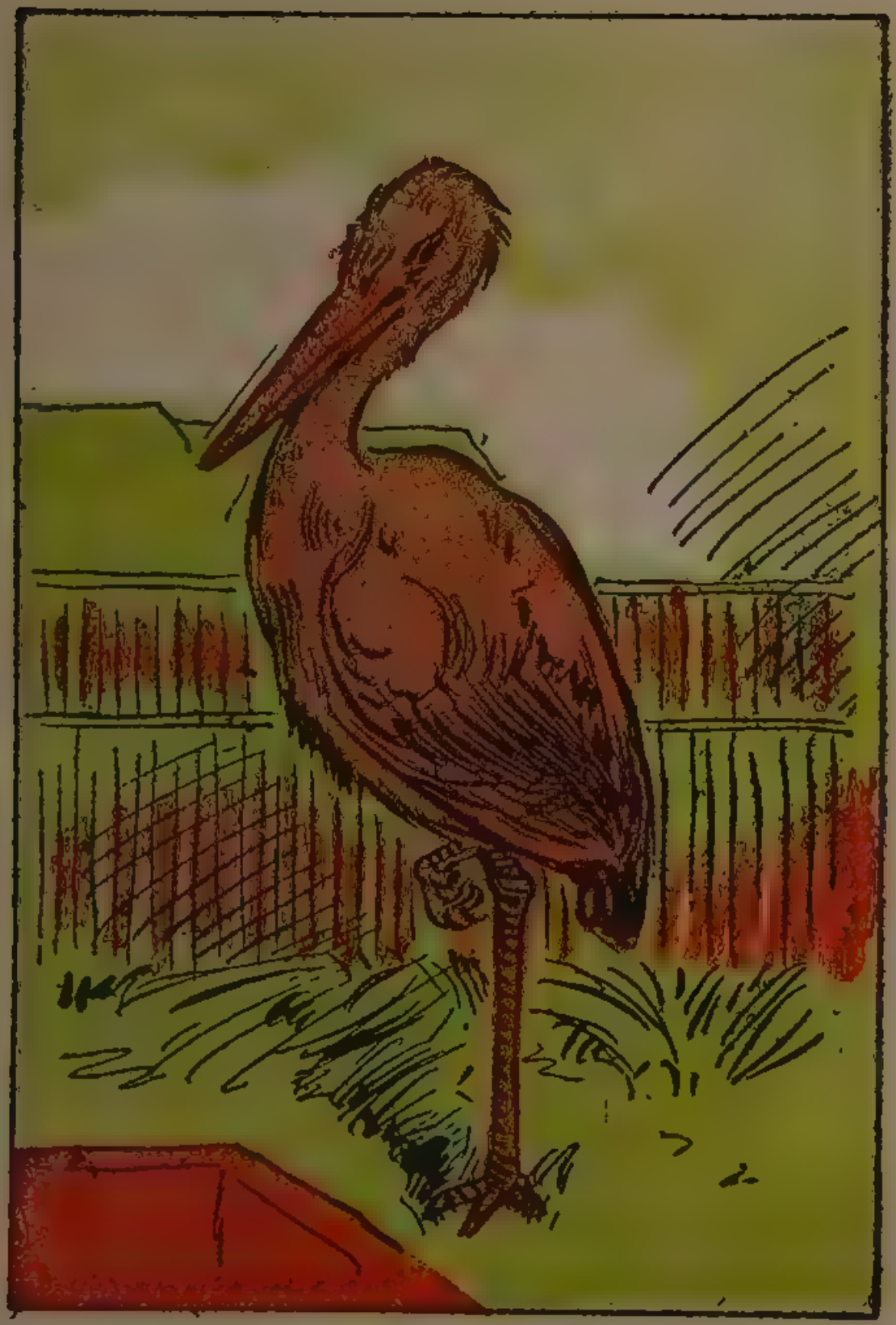
They get that name be-
cause they gnaw,
Which their strong teeth
are fitted for.
Here's a big house in
which we'll find
Reptiles of every curious
kind—
The Frogs that hop, the
Snakes that crawl,
And Crocodiles, and
Toads, and all.
First in the porch we'll
stop and see

The Frogs that live in
mud and tree,
And Toads of every sort
that be.
The Snakes are each in
cage of glass,
So there's no need to fear
to pass,
Although the Python
great, whose force
Can crush the life out of
a horse,
Is here, and here, too,
is the Boa,

The Anaconda, and some more
With poison fangs within the jaw.
Coiled on a branch, or on the ground,
These mighty Snakes are mostly found,
Though sometimes we see them start,
While out and in their tongues dart,
And with their bodies lithely slide

About their cages as they glide
For some dark place in which to hide.
A favorite pet of girls and boys
Is often a small Greek Tortoise;
And here in a small house are seen
Some monsters of this kind, I ween—
Giants upon whose backs three men

Could ride at once, and
here again
Is our old friend, Brer
Terrapin.
Strange creatures these,
each with a shell
In which he packs him-
self quite well,
And thus in safety takes
his ease,
So that nobody can him
tease;
Then from his shelly
house so thick



His scaly head and legs
he'll stick,
And at some vegetables
pick.
Here is the solemn-look-
ing Stork,
Moving about with state-
ly walk;
On chimneys high he
likes it best
To build his big untidy
nest.
It is a lucky thing, it's
said,

To have him nesting overhead:
Drive him away, your luck has fled.
Near, in the Pheasant Aviaries, we
May pause and all the beauty see
Of gorgeous plumage, every hue,
In Peacock and in Pheasant too.
So many different kinds are here

That we must only
glance, I fear,
Then look at other crea-
tures near.
How fierce and grim the
Eagles are,
With piercing eyes that
look so far.
They seem to scorn the
hapless fate
That brought them to
this captive state.
Helpless upon their rocks
they stand,

A somewhat cheerless-
looking band,
They who were wont to
be so grand.
Here are the Vultures,
with bare head,
That scent afar the car-
rion dead,
Then sail up on the des-
ert sky
To where the fallen
camels lie;
They swoop down in their
hungry zeal,

And gorge upon their filthy meal,
Then rising up away they wheel.
Then we must see the funny fowls
That fly by night, and are called Owls.
Such funny, sleepy things they seem,
As here by day they stand and dream;
But in their native places they

Fly out at dusk to seek
their prey,
Active as other birds by
day.
Now see the Parrot
House is near,
So ope the door and
come in here.
Was ever such a deaf-
ening din
As that which meets us
when we're in?
We cannot hear each
other speak,

For squeal and scream
and call and shriek
From every different
kind of beak.
But, oh, how beautiful,
how sweet,
Are all the birds that
here we meet—
The Toucan, with his
monster bill
('Twould take a lot that
beak to fill),
Has plumage black with
yellow dight;

TO THE
PARROT
HOUSE

The Cockatoo of snowy white
With lemon crest's a lovely sight.
Here tiny little Weaver-birds
(Whose beauty can't be told in words),
And Love-birds, grass-green Cockateels,
Grey Java Sparrows, and Waxbills,
With beaks of lovely crimson-red;

All kind of birds, with
wing or head
On which all living hues
are spread.
And here are Swans, both
black and white—
Swimming they form a
pretty sight
Which most of us have
often seen
When on the river we
have been.
And many kinds of
Ducks there are,

And also Geese from countries far—
From New Zealand to Canada.
Biggest of birds, the Ostrich, see,
How tall and powerful is he,
With great bare legs and downy neck,
And such a beak with which to peck;
For long he has been greatly sought,

And chased and hunted,
that when caught
His feathers may for hats
be bought.
Off to the pond now let
us go,
Where there is something
splashing so.
It is the funny, furry
Seal,
Preparing to receive its
meal.
See where it rests on
flipper-fin

And waits for keeper to
begin,
Then neatly dives and
splashes in.
Oh! here's a nice new
house, where we
Can all the funny Mon-
keys see—
The Lemurs and the
Marmosets,
Which make amusing
little pets.
See where the Monkeys
climb and cling,

And crawl upon the bars,
and swing,
And try to snatch at
everything.
So do not go too near
the cage,
Or put the Monkeys in a
rage
By teasing them with
naughty tricks,
Or you may be caught in
a fix
When Mister Monkey
claws your hair,

Or pulls your hat off unaware,
Or does your pretty ribbons tear.
Come let us give them nuts and cake;
How quickly their long fingers take
The nut, and Monkey clambers back
To some high perch, where he can crack
And eat it quickly, half afraid

That other ones may try
to raid—
A trick which he has
often played.
But other funny things
are here,
That seem to us both
quaint and queer,
The Jerboa with long,
thin legs,
Who looks as if he stands
and begs;
With long tail, too, and
big round eyes,

He seems to look with
much surprise;
He can jump greatly for
his size.
The Hornbill is a curious
bird,
With such a beak—upon
my word
If he would open it quite
wide
It looks as if he'd fall
inside!
If you to him some fruit
will throw

He'll catch it easily—
just so,
And out of sight it soon
will go.
So many things indeed
there be,
That you, I think, will
say with me,
We hope to often come
together
And meet our friends in
fur and feather;
And in the Zoo pass
happy days

While on the birds and
beasts we gaze,
Learning of Nature's
wondrous ways.

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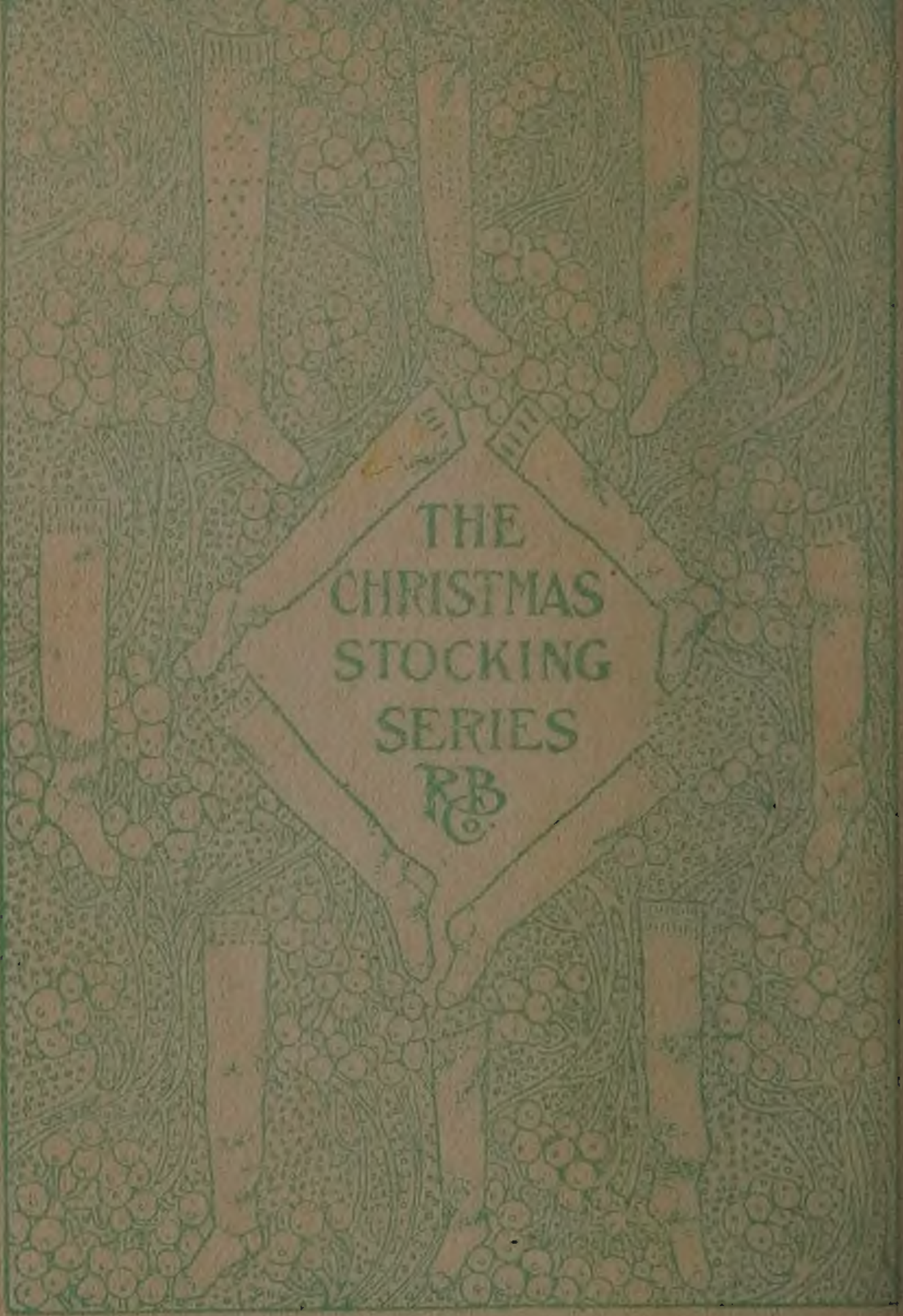
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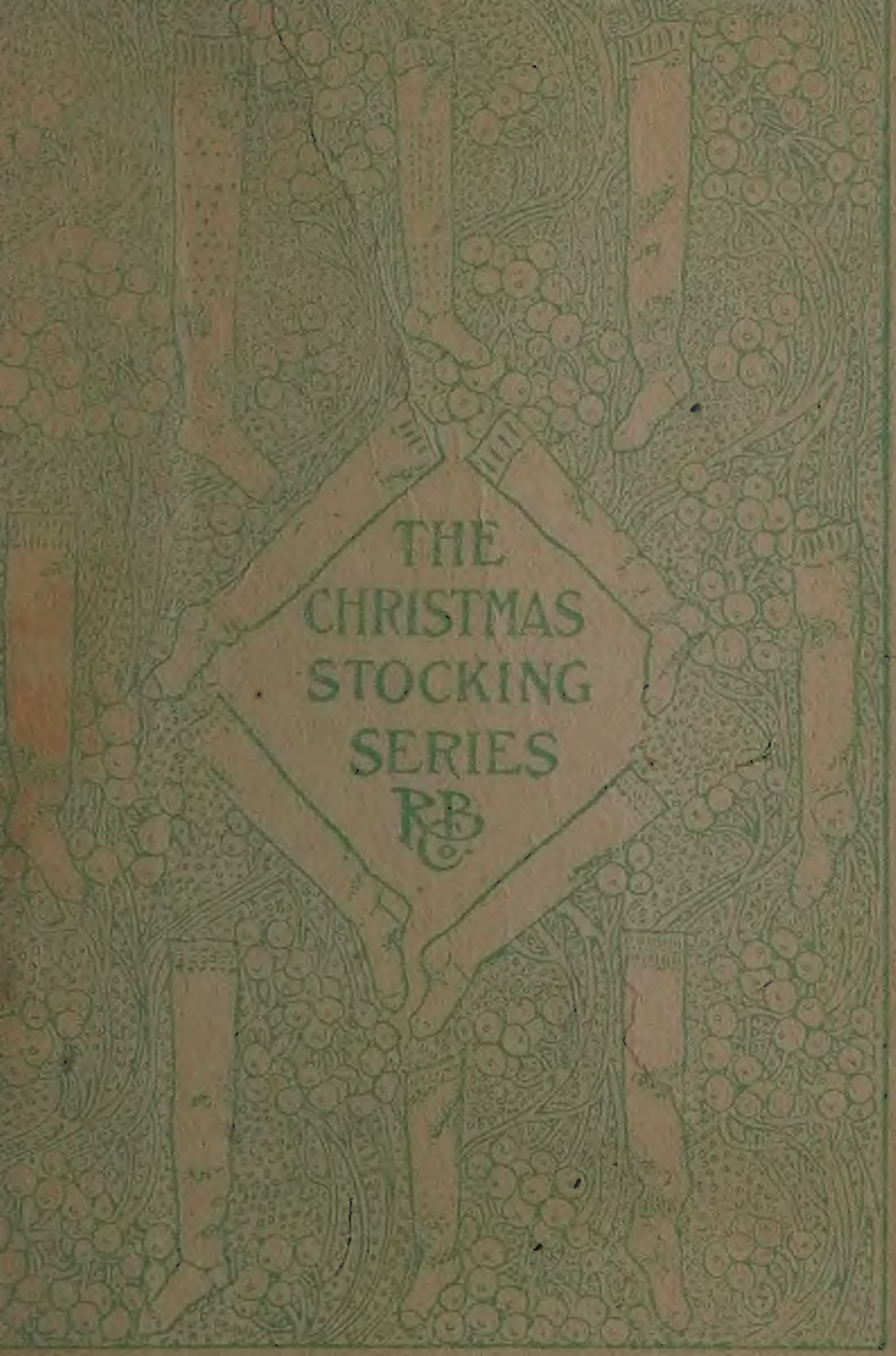
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